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Judge

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WHAT KIND OF AN ANSWER WILL HE GET AT THIS HOUSE?

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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THE CHRISTMAS JUDGE—OUT DECEMBER 12TH.

THE NUMBER of the JUDGE for December 19th (out December 12th) will be the Christmas issue. It is rich in pictures and reading-matter, and the glow and flavor of Christmas pervade every page. Among the artists contributing to this number are Hamilton, Victor Gillam, "Zim," J. H. Smith, F. L. Fithian, A. S. Daggy, W. L. Sheppard, P. S. Newell, Sydney B. Griffin, George R. Brill, H. B. Neilson, Henry Mayer, Louis Wain, Howard Helmick, J. M. Flagg, A. B. Phelan, J. A. Lemon, R. L. Stearns, T. B. Robertson, Art. Young, C. D. Gilbert, W. M. Goodes, Stanlaw, F. A. Nankivel, J. Boh, and R. M. Wright.

The letter-press is the work, among others, of Henry Tyrrell, James J. O'Connell, Minna Irving, Edward Clayton Savage, Anna Pierpont Siviter, Albert B Payne, Charles M. West, George S. Crittenden, Madeline S. Bridges, Tom Masson, A. T. Worden, Mrs. George Archibald, Mary C. Francis, William H. Siviter, and I. M. Gregory.

The CHRISTMAS JUDGE goes to all regular subscribers. Price to others twenty-five cents.

THE CAUSE of free silver was frightfully coerced.

* * *

WHEN HENRY GEORGE predicts it it isn't going to be so.

* * *

ONE SPLENDID THING about Platt's senatorship is that it isn't Morton's.

* * *

THE MAN who will not be in McKinley's cabinet will appear some day—we are convinced of that.

* * *

THERE MUST be vessels for the protection of our war-vessels. They have a bad habit of getting drowned.

* * *

THE HUM of business proclaims fat pocket-books and a merry Christmas, and the Santa Claus of this period is William McKinley.

* * *

SOROSIS is in doubt whether our physical is keeping pace with our mental growth. We have had this question on our mind so long that it has worn us to a shadow.

* * *

A FINE COMBINATION of parrot and money must have produced a profusion of oratory, not long since, the bird having flown away with a ten-dollar bill in its beak.

* * *

ONE WOMAN of a music-hall gets fifty-five hundred dollars a week. Possibly she has a voice; but it is really essential that she shall kick and shall be clothed in a plain gold ring.

* * *

THE BUSINESS MAN of Cleveland who, in order to avoid legal trouble over his will, filed that document while in good health, didn't cheat the lawyers any; for, mark you! that was a sure sign of insanity.

* * *

CUBAN PRISONERS led through Spanish cities are, it is said, stoned by the multitude. The statement would seem to indicate that some of those prisoners are allowed to live, and that is simply incredible.

* * *

WHY SHOULD the Brooklyn *Eagle* want James K. Jones to pray? Mr. Jones will not be convinced until he hears from a few back counties that his prayers may be directed to any particular address.

* * *

A PREACHER in New Jersey awoke to find a burglar in his room. He said to the burglar that he was a preacher, and the fellow ran away with great haste. He seemed to think the preacher was going to shoot a sermon at him.

AN INEXCUSABLE BREACH.
REILLY—"How kem yez so?"
KEILY—"Oi wint t' shlape lasht noight at a wake."

WHY DOESN'T GOD KILL THE DEVIL?

THE HORRORS of Cuba and the Philippines at the hands of their Spanish masters exceed anything outside of the jurisdiction of the sultan. They are barbarism in torture and all manner of slow murder. What shall the world do to be saved from its responsibility in these connections?

WE AND THE COUSINS.

THE SETTLEMENT of the Venezuela business is not so much a victory for this country as for humanity and common sense. It means peace, and therefore it means the saving of money and human life. War is barbarism, and statesmen who seek war or provoke war thus proclaim that they are the wrong men in the wrong places.

A SOLEMN FACT.

THIS GOVERNMENT must have revenue enough to pay its current expenses and provide for its debts. If that fact causes tariff agitation, it will at least be better agitation than that which follows more bonds or bankruptcy. And there have been congresses that knew enough to do what was necessary, do it without delay, and stop right there.

SOME ETIQUETTE.

GOVERNOR-ELECT BLACK is told by the New York *Times* that to wear a white-lawn tie with a cutaway coat and striped trousers is a frightful solecism, the tie belonging to evening dress exclusively. Let us add a little important information for the members of the governor's staff. They must carry their epaulets at a right-shoulder shift, and wear their brass buttons so that when tired they can sit on them.

NOT COMING, BUT ARRIVED.

THE WOMEN of this country will have more to do with its politics, year by year. That is apparent from the interest they had and the work they did in the late campaign. In a few states they voted. In the others they read and lectured and worked. All the tendencies point to the fact that very many of them want to vote; and their right to vote is undisputed by thinking men. The only thing in question is the matter of propriety, and that is inevitably settled, sooner or later, by the fact of justice.

BACTERIA AND RECIPROCITY.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH of the state of Indiana has forbidden kissing except in cases where the parties prepare for the same by the use of disinfectants to prevent the transmission of bacteria. This is a kind of prohibition that encourages most that which it seeks to prevent. Let that law prevail and the jails of Indiana will be crowded, while the fines will be large enough in the aggregate to pay the national debt. Then again, this is a free country, and people have a right to swap bacteria if they so choose.

THE PERSISTENT LUNATICS.

THE FREE-SILVER BUSINESS will be continued by Mr. Bryan and others until it is time for the next national nominations, will it? It will be called bimetallism, but it will be the same misfortune. We imagine that the several orators, or lecturers, will fail of their contemplated audiences; but they will accomplish much by obliging those sound-money Democrats who went into the Republican party temporarily to remain there as long as they live. As between populism and common sense there is but one rational choice.

WOMEN AND DRESS.

THIS TOWN has a woman's rainy-day club. The costume of the members is something like a coachman's coat with a belt around the middle of it, and ending considerably above the ankles. It is very sensible apparel, and it is curious that the club thinks it is acting heroically by adopting it. Since the bloomer and the knee-breeches came in women may wear anything without attracting unusual attention; though, to be sure, it is not exactly certain that that would be deemed by them a recommendation of the thing worn.

A PERSONAL DISTRIBUTION.

SI—"Thet's the fust new suit Cal Bender hez hed in twenty year."
HI—"Hain't ye heered?"
SI—"Nope!"
HI—"Wa-al, Cal, ez leader of his party, got twenty dollars from th' campaign-agint ter distriboot whar it ud do th' most good. So he put it inter pants, coat, vest an' a new pair o' boots *fer himself*, b'gosh!"

PUZZLING.

Bridget (standing before a picture in Mrs. T.'s sitting-room)—"Foine picture thot, Mrs. T."

"I think a great deal of it," replied Mrs. T. "It was taken of mother and me when I was two years old."

"Shure an' I niver would 'a' thought the loike—an' which is you an' which is your mither?"

DEAD.

"HULLO!" said Molly; "zere's a twee zat dot p'anted upside-down."

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

ELDER FOWLER (*bent on a forage*)—"Perty good pair o' trousahs, dese ob Parson Johnson's. Guess I'll tote dem along too."

ELDER FOWLER—"Lawd! Dat doag has got dose trousahs fo' sho'."

GENEROUS.

THAT hayseeds are most liberal
We certainly would say,
For when a Reub appears in town
He gives himself away.

IN DOUBT.

"I HAVE no difficulty in obtaining excellent lubricating material for my wheel," said Mr. Bikerly with a bland smile, "but my own bearings—ah, there's the rub."

'SQUIRE GUNNER—"Whew! Parson Johnson's britches. Thar's incontestable proof, an' I'll hev him jugged in the mornin'."

CONSTABLE—"Sorry, parson, but this damagin' evidence found in 'Squire Gunner's makes yer my prisoner."

ELDER FOWLER (*solemnly*)—"Bredrin, let de example ob yo' pastor, who was obertakin in sin, be a warnin'! Sing hymn lebben. 'De way ob de transgressar am hard.'"

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JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MADGE LESSING IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

A captivating, jaunty *Jack*,
But with a dulcet voice,
A figure that in curves don't lack,
Too dainty for a boy's—
Your conquests, merry Madge, I know
Will like the magic beanstalk grow.

PENALTY OF HERESY.

"PA, WHAT is the penalty when a minister is convicted of heresy?"

"Well, Bobby, it is generally a raise of salary from another church."

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Little Pat Hooley (excitedly)—"Oh, Misther McLubberty! Yure house is ahl on foire!"

McLubberty—"Be aff wid yer jokes, ye young scrawn! Begorra, it's loyin' yez ar-r-re, fur Oi hov dhe kay in me pocket dhis minute."

ITS USERS NEED IT.

"DAVIE, what do folks use hair-oil for?"

"To grease th' wheels in their heads, o' course."

SABBATH REVERIE.

ON SUNDAYS she is most discreet
And scarce allows her lips to smile;
Yet goes to church, like Marguerite,
To meditate on Faust a while.

LIKELY ENOUGH.

Bobby—"Pa, a man who lives in New York is a New-Yorker, isn't he?"

Pa—"Yes, Bobby."

Bobby—"Well, is a man who lives in Kalamazoo a Kalamazoolu?"

"A MILK PUNCH."

EXTRAVAGANCE.

OUT in Yellow Creek, Montana, Princess Birdie of the Sioux tribe of Indians has been making money this season by giving music-lessons on a police-whistle. Birdie makes lots of money, but she spends it all on dresses. Only last week she bloomed out in a pair of beautiful gangrene pajamas, and at the same time her poor old father was at home painting his legs with pitch so he could slide into town after dark and get some chewing-tobacco.

AN INDIGNANT NURSE.

DOCTOR—"Did he sleep well through the night?"
NIGHT NURSE—"No. He kept me awake all night long."

IMMEDIATELY.

HE—"I am going to kiss you when I go."
SHE—"Leave the house at once!"

A DIFFERENCE.

THEY sat in tiers, those funny folk,
And laughed while Harlequin cracked a joke.
He sat in tears and did not laugh
When he cracked his funny bone quite in half;
Yet they split their sides, which all must own
Is worse than a fractured funny bone.

ANNA M. PRATT.

ANOTHER MYTH.

Mr. Skidds—"I wonder if it is customary for girls to promise to be sisters to the fellows they reject."

Mr. Spudds—"No; that is another of the exploded myths. I have proposed to six or seven girls, and not one ever said a word about being a sister to me."

SHE WRONGED HIM.

"HUSBAND, you are intoxicated."

"Stagger—bu' ain' drunk—had acciden'—los' m' ear-sight."

LYNCHED.

BRONCO PETE—"Yes, lady; I wuz wid yer son w'en he died. He looked jes' like an angel, too, w'en he wuz dyin'."

MRS. BROWN (*weeping*)—"He did?"

BRONCO PETE—"Oh, yes; indeed he did—swingin' back an' forth in de air, ye know, almost ez if he had wings."

INDEFINITE.

"WHAT time does the ten-o'clock train usually get in?" asked Mr. Clingstone.

He had but recently moved to Lonesomehurst, and was now at the station to meet a friend who was to come on that train.

"What train are you asking for?" replied the station-master.

"The ten-o'clock train. What time does it usually get in?"

"Generally not till next day."

HIS VERSION.

"DIDN'T Mr. Jones get *where* in time, mamma?"

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"Why, you said the late Mr. Jones."

PROVIDENTIAL AWARD.

Mr. James Hickey wanted "plenty of time"——

A ROMANCE.

PASSING away, away,
Was the heart of a beautiful Day
That fell in love with Night;
So on their journey, just begun,
They paused and Shadow made them one
And named them—Twilight.

A MITIGATION.

Mr. Barlow—"That man who killed his wife has been sentenced to imprisonment for life."

Mrs. Barlow—"But I suppose he will get several years off for good behavior."

SOCIETY NOTE.

(*From the Pine Flat Echo.*)

THE engagement between the beautiful Miss Mollie Higgins of Whackerville and Mr. Edward Simpsing of this place has been broken off. Edward was found hanging to a cotton-wood tree near the saw-mill on Tuesday. The vigilantes called on him on Monday night. To square things all around the boys sent a purse of nine dollars to Miss Mollie yesterday, together with a letter of regret.

THE IRISH OF IT.

German woman (calling her little child)—"Komm' hierher, mein kind."

Irishman (passing by)—"Faith, how kin yez ixpict a little kid loike thot t' undershtand yez? Phy don't yez shpake t' him in English?"

"THE PLAY 'S THE THING."

WHEN heard the brazen cornet
Enchantment distance lends;
But I can play the cornet
And yet I keep my friends.

My neighbors even praise me,
For this is how they view it,
That I can play the cornet,
Yet never, never do it.

G. B.

——and got it.

TEN MILES FROM THE CITY.

"ARE you waiting for a train?" asked the countryman as he came on the platform.

And the commuter, who had been there for two hours and had missed three important city engagements, replied very calmly, "Certainly not. I am down here by my doctor's orders, taking a sun-bath."

HIS SUPERIOR JUDGMENT.

JOHN—"Will you keep quiet, Maria? I guess *I* know how to choose a turkey."

JOHN (*an hour later*)—"—— butcher! —— ! —— ! —— ! —— !"

ECHOES OF ELECTION.

1. This is the man who agreed to walk down the street and kiss the first woman he met if his candidate for congress was defeated.

JUDGMENTS FROM MR. MCGARVEY.

SHURE, if a dog hadn't a tail he cudn't shpake a wurd.

Phwat is th' politickle sitivation, is it? It's phwat we're all after, me b'y.

It's no matther how much a felly troies, he can't succade in loife widout troyin'.

Some harses is loike some women—yez must say "back up" whin yez wants 'em t' go ahid.

Th' liquid shwateniss av a gurl's oyes is nothin' t' th' liquid shwateniss av her lips—whin it is.

Imagination is th' great thing. Shure, wid it a felly kin be as wilthy as th' Vanderbilts—but it don't go at th' carner grocery.

DAVID H. TALMADGE.

HIS KIND OF CENTURIES.

"JONES is a great bicycler. He likes to make centuries."

"Century rides?"

"No; century talks."

APPROPRIATE.

LIFE is an awful bore. (This remark is commonplace enough, usually; but in this instance it was uttered by a well-driller.)

2. The man who promised to wear his wife's clothes for a week in the event of McKinley's election.

HIS CHANCE.

Mr. Timid has always wanted to learn to ride a wheel, but until the heavy snow came never had the courage to try, for fear of falling.

THE BIG ROCK.

FROM chaos Nature had wrought a resting-place for the sole of her foot. The fire had retreated like a wild beast driven to its cavern and the lurid mists had dispersed. The water had receded to its channels, the sun had waxed ardent in the heavens, and the architecture of the palace Beautiful began to reveal itself against the sky.

3. The man who promised to eat the worst old crow that could be found if McKinley was elected.

Nature drew breath, and as she viewed the work her love had wrought her sigh swept throughout the sympathetic forest.

She was alone in her habitation.

In a favored spot was a rock graved with the history of a tempestuous reign. Seamed by fire, cracked by frost, it lay like a scar on the bosom of the peaceful valley.

Nature had tried to conceal it, first by an arm of the water, then by a texture of green. But the river withdrew its arm and the green withered and dried.

"Never mind," said Nature, a flash of inspiration lighting the ages before her; "let it stay for the children to play on."

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

NOT ALTOGETHER SINGLE.

He—"You say the man is not married and yet he is not altogether single. How can that be?"

She—"Why, easy enough. The man is a united Presbyterian."

IN THE BUNCO BUSINESS HIMSELF.

COCHIN CHINA HEN (*sympathizingly*)—"I feel so sorry for Farmer Heystak, our master. See how he tears his hair and weeps! Last week a stranger sold him an elegant gold brick, and he has just discovered that it is brass."

COCHIN CHINA ROOSTER—"Waste no sympathy on him, mine own. Think of the many times he has placed a china egg in your nest."

VERY DOUBTFUL.

"I AM hopeful that you will pay me that ten dollars before the end of the week, Smithson."

"That's right, old man. Be hopeful, but don't be sanguine."

THE EXCEPTION.

"DO YOU think that all matches are made in heaven?"

"Yes; except those made at the seashore."

QUITE CORRECT.

"AM I doing it right?" said the pupil at the dancing-academy.

"Yes," replied the professor; "that is the proper caper."

UNCLE EBEN'S SAGE SAWS.

AT ABOUT thutty yeahs ob age we all t'ink dat we got a boy dat will occerpy de presidential cheer, an' about sixty yeahs ob age we is all mighty glad ef it ain' de 'lectric cheer.

Ennybody kin steal a shoat, but de successful man gits him in de bag widout squealin'.

Yo' might as well ask a niggah how he made his ha'r curl as toe ask a business man how he made his money. Dey was jes' nachally bawn so.

Ef sumbody gibs yo' a side ob meat doan' make de man strain his back helpin' yo' shoulder hit. Dey is a mighty big moral in dis.

My neighbo' 's got a tendah cawnscience an' a good watch, but I doan' trust eider ob dem ef I wanter ketch a good trade er a train.

Yo' kin belt an open enemy wid a club, but whad yo' gwine do wid a fool friend?

Dar am folks who spile de injoyment ob life an' a bologna-sassidge by annualizin' hit too closely in search ob a piece ob de harness. Dat also am a weariness ob de flesh.

A. T. WORDEN.

AN IMMEDIATE EFFECT.

ON MR. WARFIELD'S estate in Howard county, Maryland, is a large lake, which he lately stocked with Japanese gold-fish. This lake is fed by a branch that runs through the property. On last election-day the water was let out and a number of the fish escaped down the branch. A few days later an old colored resident who had fished in the stream for forty years caught seven large gold-fish. He hurried home and proudly laid the glittering prize on the table, called his wife, and said,

"Look heah, 'Liza Jane! I b'lieve in McKinley shuah, fo' all de fish in de branch hab turned to gold."

HOAR-FROST.

AT MIDNIGHT, through the ruin he had made,
Gray Winter, affrighted, fled.
Amidst the tumult of his sad heart strayed
The ghosts of all his dead.

Sear leaves and grass and darkened stars of earth,
All robed in argent white—
Strange beings loosed from bonds of mortal birth—
Pursued him through the night.

JOHN DAHL WHITE.

VERY PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY.

Old sea-captain (speaking earnestly, in sailors' mission)—"The heavens are useful as well as ornamental. With my night-glass I can pick out every letter of the alphabet among the stars; also the big dipper, little dipper, the bear's tail, and other utensils used for household purposes."

A GOOD LAWYER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, SR.—"George, did you cut down that cherry-tree?"
GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR.—"Did you see me?"
GEORGE WASHINGTON, SR.—"Yes, sir; I did."
GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR.—"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

SHOULD SUIT HIM.

FIRST DAMNED SOUL—"Where are you from?"
SECOND DAMNED SOUL—"Philadelphia."
FIRST DAMNED SOUL—"Well, what are *you* crying about?"

MAKING OVER.

OH, I twist, and I scrimp, and I turn;
And I turn, and I twist, and I scrimp,
Till the dew of anguish on my brow
Takes my hair all out of crimp!
If I cut my fronts out here
What a queer-shaped piece it leaves;
And my soul is in terror whenever I think
Of the size of those mandolin sleeves.

There's a snagged place on the front,
And a stain like iron-rust;
Then look at that grease-spot—big as your hand—
And it comes right across the bust.
But what swallows up all the joy
That these minor worries leave
Is the pressing question of where I'm to find
The goods for the mandolin sleeve.

I patch, and I piece, and I plan
Until I am ready to faint,
And I'm benzined and chloroformed half to death,
Taking out spots of paint;
Yet still, do you really think—
After all, it's this question that grieves—
That the back-breadth and side-breadths and part of the front
Will cut those mandolin sleeves?

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

1. IN THE STYLE.
Miss Peach and Fido before——

WHERE INSURANCE FAILS.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND seeks the fire-insurance agent.

"I want this policy to cover everything in the house."

"Certainly, sir."

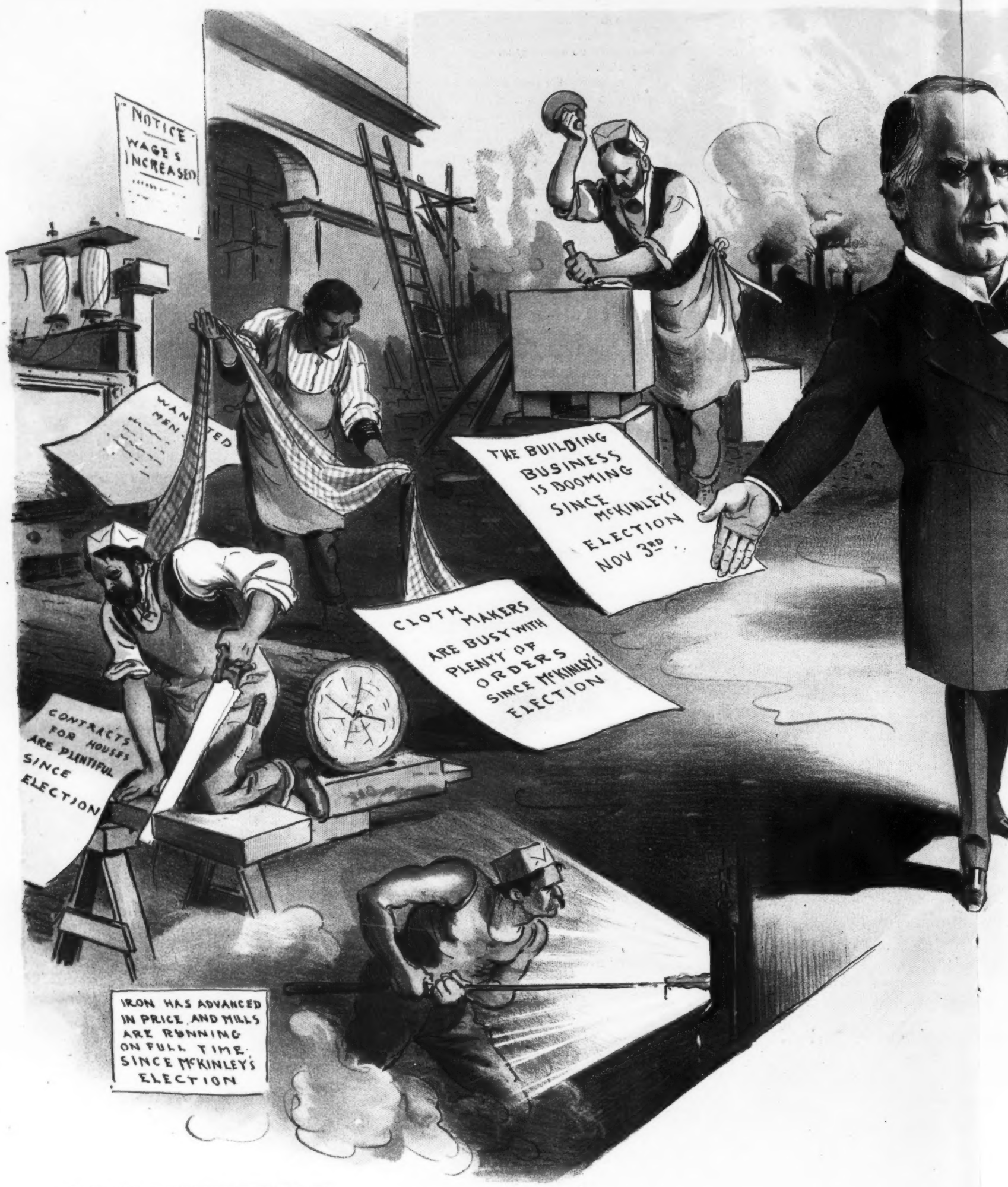
"And especially one article, which I should like to have particularly mentioned because I paid more for it than for anything else—and I have a feeling that it is the most likely to burn."

"What is that?"

"My coal."

AVEN th' little bains hov shtrings t' 'em.

2. IN THE STYLE.
——and after the foot-ball craze struck town.



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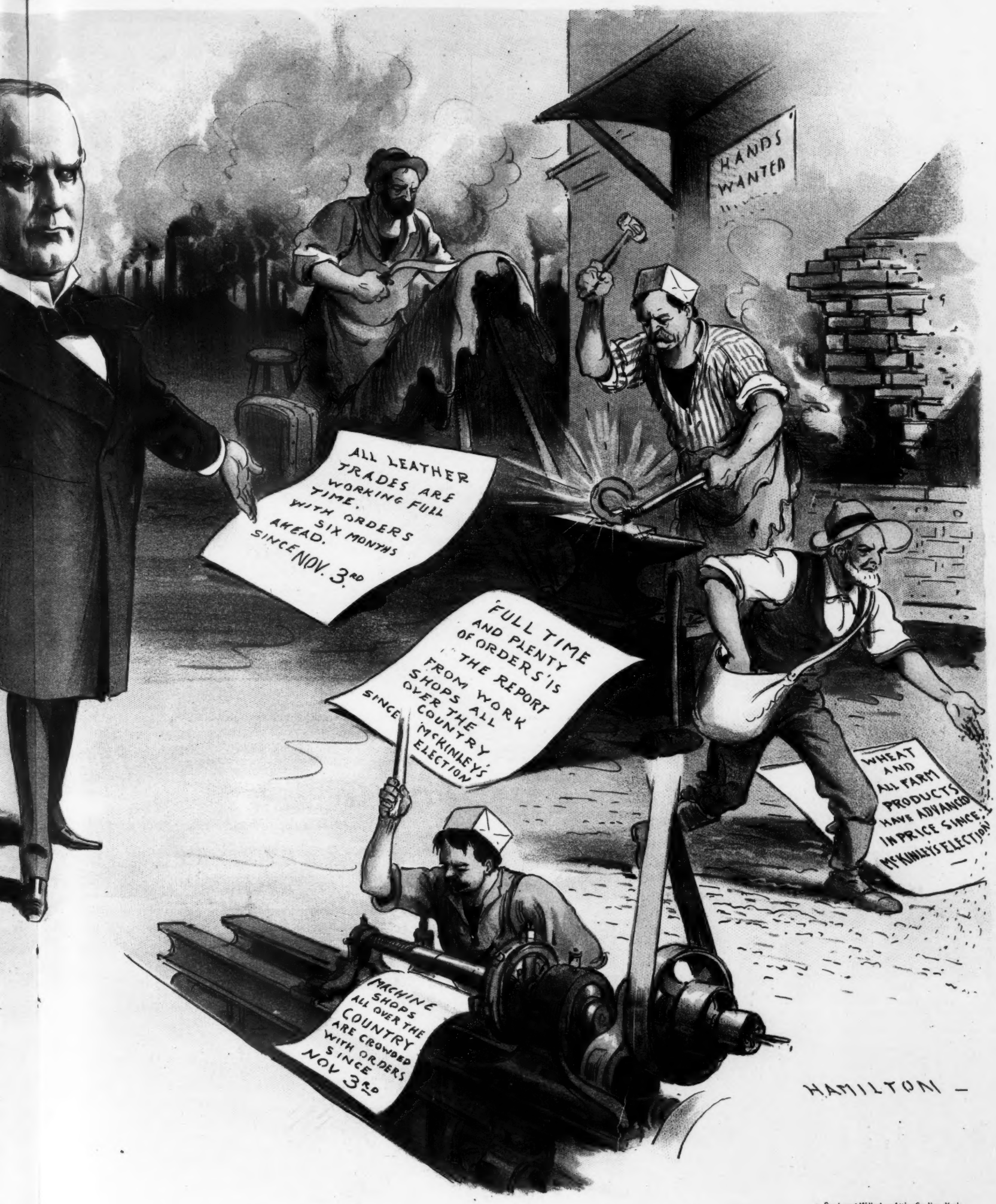

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PROSPERITY—"I TOLD YOU SO!"

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

WE SEE by the papers that Mr. Owgoost Stiefvater of Cobleskill is dead—at least we take it he is dead, as he was buried last Saturday. He has been running down (to the grocery) for the last ten years. He was a great after-dinner and before-supper speaker, and some of the things he said were worth repeating and we shall repeat them.

In a select and fashionable gathering at the grocery the question was mooted as to why the protuberance in the throat of man was called the Adam's apple.

Some one answered that it was in memory of the fruit partaken of by Adam and Eve.

"But why located in the throat?" persisted the crank member of the grocery committee.

"Pycause," said Mr. Stiefvater sententiously, "dot vhas vhere Adam got id—righd in der neck."

You could have heard a coupling-pin drop until Mr. Stiefvater called "for an under von mit a pretzel."

He was in a theatrical company, playing a high-Dutch part in low comedy, and having run short of means the company burst at Hornellsville. Mr. Stiefvater and the tragedian, Mr. Montague Milford, were painfully walking the track back to Albany, when Montague said,

"Owgoost, it is terrible to thus break away from our associates. Think of the ties we leave behind us."

"Id's bedder we t'ink apoud der ties ve gotter shkip pytween here undt Albany," said Mr. Stiefvater. Mr. Milford was so cheered by the suggestion that he instantly divided with Mr. Stiefvater a cold frankfurter which he had in his handkerchief.

Mr. Stiefvater's life was cheered and enlivened by a second-handed wife who was brought back and left on the bargain-counter. Finding her liege lord at the grocery amid his friends, she asked him for ten dollars to brace herself with a new bonnet. Owgoost gently declined and she said in a fierce tone,

"You will want something of me sometime."

"Oxectly," he replied, "bud I hope dot I vill not pe at home vhen I vant id."

The winds sobbed sadly as she went out into the night.

A NECESSARY QUALIFICATION.

Citizen—"Is there any chance for a German on the police force?"

Police-official—"Not unless he is of Irish descent."

POOR FELLOW!

ELLA—"Did Freddy like the cane you gave him for his birthday?"

STELLA—"No, I had to exchange it; the head was so large he couldn't get it in his mouth."

WORSE YET.

WHEN the funsmith writes a verse about his paste-brush in the ink,
And all the things he feels inclined to do,
He'd change the metre, make it worse, and harder stamp, I think,
If he ever stuck his pen into the glue.

THE CHICAGO WAY.

Mrs. Hampack—"What is Sarah Wabash sending out invitations to her tin wedding for? She hasn't been married ten years."

Mrs. Livewayte—"No, but she has had ten husbands."

USELESS.

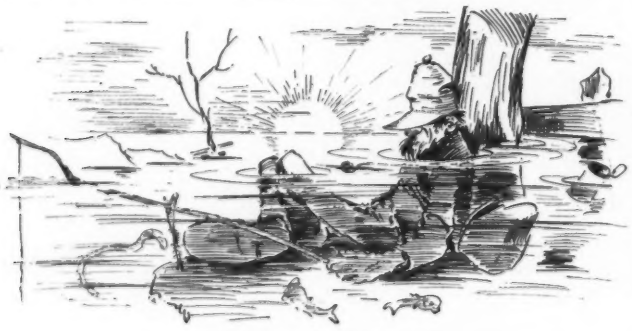
Jerry Coe—"There's Hopper, that's been behind a counter all his life, and I don't suppose he's worth a dollar to-day."

Webb—"Oh, dear, no! He isn't even worth his salary."

THIS AWFULLY UNCERTAIN WEATHER.

OUR FRIEND BATES (*the fisherman*)—"This December weather is great. I'll set my pole and take a little nap while the sun is high."

He said he would, and he did; but the hot sun began to thaw the snow on the hills——



—— and of course the creek went up.——

——And as evening came on the thermometer went down, and Bates is seen calling for somebody to come and chop him out of the ice.

HIS TIME FOR TALKING.

One morn at breakfast Mrs. Jones to Mr. Jones remarked,
" I'd like to know, John Henry, on what mission you're embarked;
For in your sleep you talk and talk, and keep it up so long
That I am sure that all 's not right. Now tell me what is wrong."

But Mr. Jones said not a word about his troubled sleep;
He only gulped his coffee down and looked both wise and deep.
And then he said, " I'm sorry, dear; don't look at me askance.
I talk at night when you're asleep 'cause then I have a chance."
—*Cedar Rapids Saturday Reflector.*

The New York public knows that Dr. Siegert's is the only genuine Angostura Bitters. It is useless to offer an imitation.

Mr. Goodman—" My little man, when I was your age I didn't smoke in the way you do." *Slum child*—" I should think so! Why, dere ain't a kid in de alley dat kin inhale like me." —*Pearson's Weekly.*

The unrivaled bouquet that *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry* has, has made it a favorite with all good judges.

Boy—"Any hickory-nuts in these woods?" *Farmer*—" Yes, lots of 'em; an' I've got a dog that et a calf yisterday." *Boy*—" All right; then I guess he won't be hungry to-day. Don't let anybody know how you scared me." *Farmer* (after being left alone)—" By gum! I wish I was startin' in life again an' had that boy's chance."—*Cleveland Leader.*

" I tried a bottle of Salvation Oil on a wound and was cured within several days. I never had such a good remedy as Salvation Oil in my hands. Mrs. J. C. Duncan, Lexington, Missouri."

Customer—" Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster; it's as hard as flint." *Waiter*—" Beg pardon, sir; a slight mistake. That's the papier-maché lobster out of the show-case. Shall I change it?"—*Answers.*

Dandruff,

Chafing, Itching,

Bad Complexion,

and Odors from Perspiration,

quickly relieved by

Packer's Tar Soap.

" Excellent in Chafing, Dandruff, Itching."
—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

De on'y time sum people ah busy is w'en dey is busy talkin'.—Purty wimen ain't goin' roun' beggin' men fo' suffridge.—I would as lief be rubbed wid san'papah as wid a raspy tongue.—Diplomats keeps deir mout's shet. Dat's de reason why mo' congressmen ain't diplomats.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat*

It's likely you need a tonic. Most people do. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters is the one. For sale by all druggists, grocers, wine merchants.

The child was playing with the scissors and his kindly old grandmother chided him. " You mustn't play with the scissors, dear. I knew a little boy just like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye and he put his eye out, and he never could see anything ever after." The child listened patiently and said when she got through, " What was the matter with the other eye?"—*Chicago Journal.*

Dobbins's Floating-Borax is 100 per cent. pure and doesn't turn yellow with age. It is not an imitation of anything, but better than any other floating soap made. Be sure above name is on each wrapper and cake. Red wrappers only.

Richard—" I understand that old Griffin has given his consent to your marriage with his daughter. Was he good-natured about it?" *Robert*—" Yes, confound it! he was so good-natured that I couldn't help wishing that while I was about it I had asked for something valuable."—*Boston Transcript.*

" Why don't people ride in engines?" asked Louise. " Because the engines are dirty," said mamma; " the engineers are all black." " Oh," said Louise, " do engines have ears?"—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

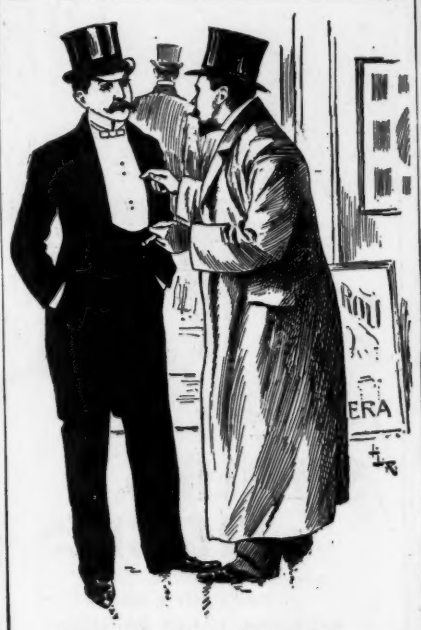
Wife—" How are you pleased with our new maid?" *Husband*—" Very much." *Wife*—" I thought so. I have discharged her."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Allow me, Miss Bawston, to make you acquainted with Mr. Brown, our book-maker." " Yes? So delighted! I am always glad to know these wonderful men who publish books. What is your latest work from the press, Mr. Brown?" "Ahem! I have spent a good deal of time this summer on an anthropological work entitled ' The Coming Race.' " "An expensive work, Mr. Brown?" " Several of my friends have put their fortunes into it, Miss Bawston." And he winked at the score-card and hurried away.—*Nuggets.*

Scott's Emulsion is more than a tonic. Its good effect is permament. No bad effect whatever.

One of the greatest blessings of life is that a restaurant boarder rarely knows what he is eating.—A scientist says that the color yellow is a deterrent of suicide. Maybe so. You never hear of a yellow cat committing suicide. —*Florida Times-Union.*

Young Greene—" What does this mean, mother—' Nature unadorned, adorned the most'?" *Mrs. Greene*—" Well, now—lemme see. Adorned means dressed, so I 'spects it means as how 'isters, apples, onions an' sich like are better eaten raw than dressed. But, mind you, I don't hold with it myself."—*Fun.*



WISEMAN—" Hallo, Jones! How are you getting on?"

JONES (*sadly*)—" Oh, *plugging* along in the same ' old fashion.' "

WISEMAN—" So I see. Why don't you buy a *Knox* and have some *style* about you?"

UPHELD BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN EVERYWHERE as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having "No. 4711" WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP. Transparent as Crystal.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U.S. Agents

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The limping old joke gave a fluttering sigh,
And it whimpered, " I wonder what for
I was born, if I'm going to be buried alive
In a magazine editor's drawer?"
—*Washington Capital.*

" How did you spot him?" asked the reporter of the detective who had just nabbed a brilliant young confidence gentleman disguised as a bloomer-girl. " The disguise is perfect." " I happened to catch him blushing," said the astute sleuth-hound of the law.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Voice (at the telephone)—" Major, will you please bring your family and take supper with us next Sunday?" *Servant-girl* (replying back through telephone)—" Master and mistress are not in at present; but they can't come to supper, as it's my Sunday out."—*Boston Globe.*

An Iowa man bet ten dollars that he could ride the fly-wheel on a saw-mill. When his widow paid the bet she remarked sympathetically, " William was a good, kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels."—*Washington Evening Times.*

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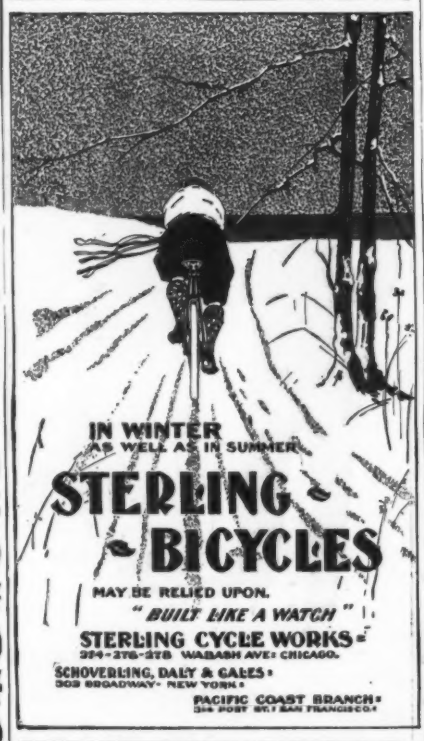
It is not true that a Somerville young lady has just had her dressmaker get her up a mourning bicycle costume.—*Somerville Journal.*



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"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

LOVE AND LEISURE.

"Love and leisure through the land
Wander ever hand in hand.
Leisure lends to love its rhyme
Like the honey's scent of thyme.
Without leisure love is pale,
Wan and weakly, prone to fail.
Love, without its empty hours,
Is a garden robbed of flowers;
It can never blossom red
Without leisure's dew!" he said.
"So, should I toil for us two,
Love would die for me and you."

"Love and leisure, better say,
Live at enmity alway.
Leisure gives to love its pall,
Like the honey's dregs of gall.
Without leisure love is wine,
Of a perfume rare and fine.
Love that's fed on empty hours
Is a garden sick with flowers;
Soon its hot-house bloom is dead
Under leisure's glass!" she said.
"So, should you toil for us two,
Love would live for me and you."
—*Post Wheeler in New York Press.*

As a specific against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also as an appetizer and for mixing in drinks, nothing superior to **BOKER'S BITTERS.**

"These dinners you serve are so delightful, Mrs. D.," remarked the man who thinks he must always say something pleasant. "I never attend one without going away feeling very uncomfortable."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Mother—"Charlie, you said you'd been to Sunday-school?" *Charlie* (with a far-away look)—"Yes'm." *Mother*—"How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?" *Charlie*—"I—I carried home the Sunday-school paper, an' th' outside is all about Jonah and the whale."—*Tit-Bits.*

INTUITION is the best guide. Follow it and you will win life's prizes. Advice free. Prof. Anderson, J. D., 126, Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites brings back the ruddy glow of life to pale cheeks, the lips become red, the ears lose their transparency, the step is quick and elastic, work is no longer a burden, exercise is not followed by exhaustion; and it does this because it furnishes the body with a needed food and changes diseased action to healthy. With a better circulation and improved nutrition, the rest follow.

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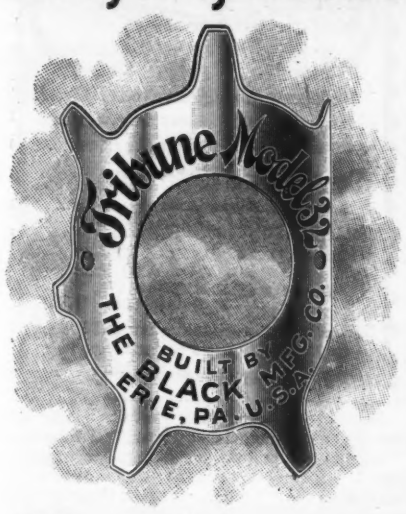

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—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Brown—"I just asked Smith to go a flyer on the market with me, and he said he would, only Tuesday was his unlucky day." *Jones*—"How blamed silly to be so superstitious! Friday 's the unlucky day."—*Harlem Life.*

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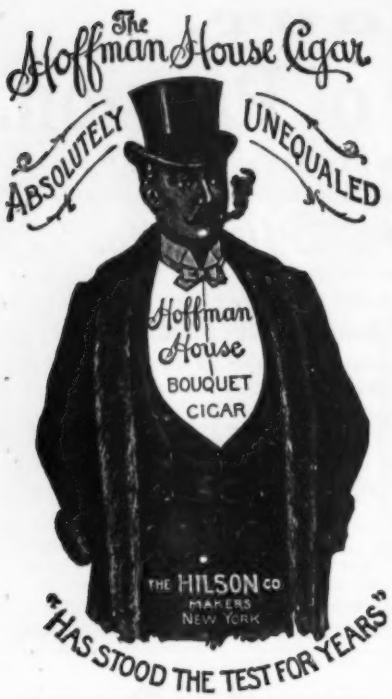

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that I was First am I Best,
BUT
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Pistols, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, cheaper than elsewhere. Send 2c. for 50-page catalogue.
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"Mary, I hope you took good care of my pets while we were at Margate?" "Indeed I did, mum; only once I forgot to feed the cat." "I hope she didn't suffer?" "Oh, no, mum; she ate the canary and the parrot."—*Tit-Bits.*

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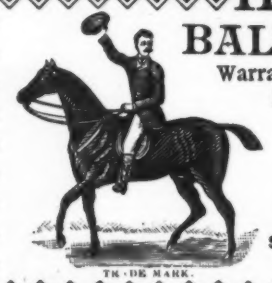
BALTIMORE RYE (10 YEARS OLD.)
Warranted a PURE TONICAL STIMULANT.
Recommended by Physicians and known as the
CHOICEST WHISKEY



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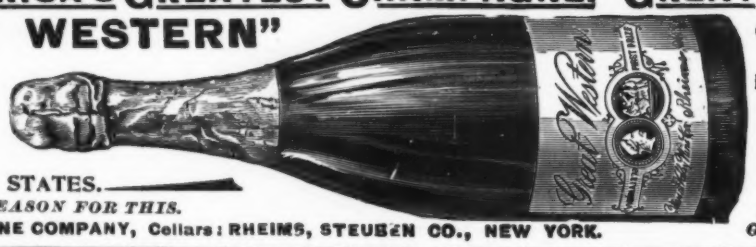

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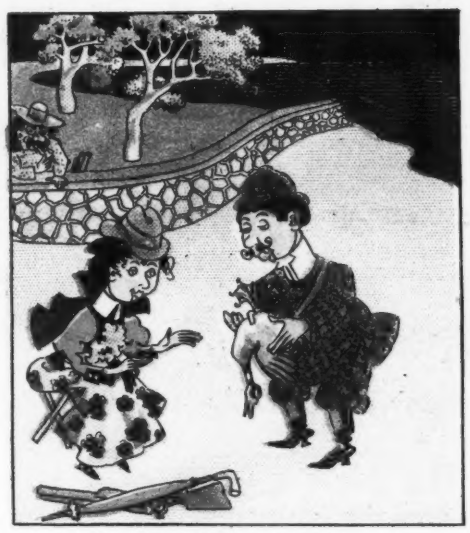
SHE—"Now I insist on your taking me out shooting to-morrow; I'll have no refusal."

HE—"I'll count on you to-morrow behind that wall. Whenever I shoot just see that the bird drops every time. See?"

HE—"Here comes a duck; steady now——

——while I just wing him!"

SHE—"How lovely!"



SHE—"Poor thing, how cruel of you!"

SHE—"Oh, quick! here comes another."

!—!——!——!

SHE—"Oh, to think I've been carrying that umbrella around with me for a year and never knew it was loaded!"

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SHOOTING DUCK?